

The State Chronicle

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.

Equal and Exact Justice to all Men,
of whatever State or Persuasion, Re-
ligious or Political.—Thomas Jefferson.

TO-DAY'S CHRONICLE.

This paper to-day carries little cheerful news to its readers. We always crowd out opinions for fresh news. To-day's CHRONICLE gives a full account of a terrible calamity by a cyclone in Louisville, the hanging of a murderer in Chatham, and the trial of a priest for a horrible crime in Raleigh. The details are sad and sickening, but it is a phase of life, and the CHRONICLE is "a map of busy life."

Let us hope that to-morrow will give us more cheerful news, and news showing less of human depravity. Above all, let us hope never again to have a public execution in the good old State.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

That an increase of the quantity of money raises prices, and a diminution lowers them, is the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency, and without it we should have no key to any other.—JOHN STUART MILL.

PROTECTION ILLUSTRATED.

VANCE says that it is recorded (not in the Talmud) that the three Hebrew children, SHADRACK, MESHEK and ABE-NEGDO, just before they entered the fiery furnace, had neither a jack-knife or pocket change, but after they were cast in, they so traded and swapped around that each came out with the best jack-knife in the crowd, and fifty cents in change.

Some light upon how to get rich by protection is furnished by the Arkansas Traveller. He proposed to sell whiskey to his wife, and his wife sell whiskey to him, and keep the money and the whiskey in the family.

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS in its new dress is a thing of beauty. Its bright contents have always been a joy to the STATE CHRONICLE staff.

THE ROANOKE NEWS has attained its majority and on Thursday celebrated its 21st birthday. It has always been wise beyond its years, and has deserved the large patronage it has received.

THE KERNERSVILLE NEWS is a new venture. Its first number is typographically and in a news way a model local paper. Mr. J. M. GRAHAM is manager and it is published by a stock company, of which Mr. BOYLAN, of Monroe, is the head.

THE STATESVILLE LANDMARK, since the murderer, DAVIS, who was hung at Pittsboro yesterday, published his long poem, thinks he ought to hang. Before the publication of the poem, the Landmark doubted whether he was guilty enough to be hung. In the estimation of the Landmark, writing poetry is worse than killing men. And some kind of poetry is murder—of a slow kind.

SOME fool or knave told the Greensboro Patriot that the Farmers' Alliance would support Browner for Congress in the Fifth District. Gentlemen! Don't insult and don't distrust the honest and worthy members of the Alliance. They are true men and will do right. Such false statements will do harm. The Patriot very properly says that it doesn't believe the report. Believe it! It is a canard of the enemy and no sane man would put credence in it.

We are glad to know that our colored friends in North Carolina are enlisted in opposition to the passage of the bills taxing compound land. The CHRONICLE showed some days ago that no class of our people were more directly concerned in the proposed legislation than the colored men of the South. The Georgia Colored Alliance has forwarded protests against the bill to Congress. Yesterday petitions among the colored people were being circulated in Raleigh and freely signed. CONGER and BUTTERWORTH have long professed great love for the colored man and brother. Will they heed their protest? or impose still heavier burdens upon him?

It was a Republican Congress that deprived the negro of his right to vote by disfranchising the people of the District of Columbia. And now the House Committee on Naval Affairs has reported a bill favorably to giving a colored man in Virginia, J. T. ASBURY, the right to erect on government grounds at Fortress Monroe, a hotel that is to be run exclusively for colored guests. We do not criticize these acts, but we do criticize the Pharism that denounces Democrats for demanding control in State and local legislation, and for desiring separate accommodations for the races.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

and blood on the blade. I found some burned feathers and burned clothes in the old field toward Mr. Edwards's, 500 yards from the Raleigh road and half mile from Mrs. Horton's. Looked like blood had been burned there also.

The Prisoner's Evidence.

About twenty witnesses were examined for the State. The prisoner was examined in his own behalf and his evidence was as follows:

I lived with Mr. Horton from December 23rd, 1888, until his death on the 15th November, 1889. During the wet spell last summer we could not work the farm, and Mr. H. said if I would haul on the railroad he would give me \$1 a day outside of my regular wages. I hauled three days on the railroad and received \$2.50 a day for myself and team, and after paying all expenses there was \$1.40 coming to Mr. H. He was to feed the team and board me. After I had returned home he sent Harrison Southland to settle with the railroad, and he came back and reported only \$1.40 due to Mr. H. Early one morning soon after that Mr. Horton came into our bed room and said "Why did you not tell me that you had appropriated the money for the R. R. work?" I replied "because I have done no such thing." He said "I'll be damned if there has not been foul play somewhere." I said "Don't accuse me of foul play with your money," and he said "By God, some one has played the damned rascal." I said no more and it dropped. I went on and worked on the farm.

We Were Friendly.

We visited together; he was kind to me and I to him, and he expressed regret at not being able to keep his contract with me and assured me that I had done my part and he would try to do his. We sported together, we drank together, we bedded together, and had no disagreement except as above stated. Mr. Horton had itemized with pencil and paper what he would let me have for my labor. He put down \$17 as advanced to me in the stores. (This was about six weeks before the homicide.) He agreed to let me have a blue sow and pigs at \$10, and out of the saw mill lot the nubbins corn and enough to make three barrels to fatten the sow. He was to let me have his gun and watch at \$25. He then took me to the barn and asked me how much cotton was there. I told him about 800 pounds. He asked me if I would take that and James Fuller's cotton at 1,000 pounds. I said yes, at three cents a pound. He said he had no money and would let me have the cotton and would furnish me with the team to haul the cotton to Raleigh. He had agreed at the beginning of the year to pay me \$100 for the year. He said there was a balance due me, and asked me to stay another year and work a one horse farm, and told me where he wanted me to tend.

The Fatal Night.

We hauled logs for a week before Friday night, Nov. 15th. That night he asked me if I was going off that night. I said no. He said "I will go off fiddling," and he took his fiddle and left. I retired to my room and went to bed, and was asleep when Mr. H. came in and kindled a fire. He told me about tuning his fiddle, pulled off his coat and hat, sat down, took the atlas and perused it; turned down his chair, took a pillow and lay down before the fire on his coat. After awhile he got up, took down a large map, rested the map on the bed post and examined that. I said "What are you hunting for?" He said "For the way to Seattle." I asked why. He said he was going there as soon as he could get the money. He put the map back and lay down on the foot of the bed, and in a few minutes was asleep, and I fell asleep. I was aroused by the smell of fire. I pushed him and called him and he got up. He said "It is the pillow," and pulled the slip off and threw it on the bed and kicked the pillow in the fire and said "Let the damned old thing go." He picked up his chair, sat down and got some writing paper and put it in narrow strips and made a book of it and wrote across it, and wrote for some time; his arm resting on the foot of the bed. He jarred the bed, so. He stopped suddenly, and turned to me and said: "I have forgotten one thing in our settlement." I said, "What?" He said: "The railroad work. I'll be damned if that has not got to be accounted for." I said: "According to your own statements you have had more than you deserve for it." He said: "You are a God damned liar." I raised on my elbow and said: "You are another." He said: "I won't take that from a God damned son of a b—h!" He laid his writing in the map and got up. I rose and put my feet on the floor; he went by me to the corner of the room, where a gun was, picked it up, presented the gun at me, and attempted to fire. I missed fire. He said: "Damn you; I will fix you." Going to my bag of shells he unbreeched the gun and tried to take out the shell. He failed to get it out. I resorted to the boot-jack; it was by the trunk. He was standing between me and the door, so that I could not escape through the door, and feeling assured that he would shoot me I picked up the bootjack and struck him on the back of the head as he was trying to take the shell out of his gun. He fell forward with his right hand against the door, but recovered and brought the gun up. I then hit him another blow and he fell against the head of the bed. I then threw down the bootjack and ran down stairs. The crushed place on his head was made by the block on the bootjack. Mr. Horton came home just after 10 o'clock. When I went back upstairs I called deceased. I then looked in and saw deceased lying just as he had fallen. I went to him, knelt down by him, shook him and called him; he was making a struggling noise. I placed my coat under his head, and two gunnysacks, and I took the pillow-slip and put over these. I fixed the bags and put them over the pillow-slip and put them over his head. I then put the body on the roof of the porch, rolled it down and let it drop. I went and got the wheelbarrow, put the body in it and rolled it out to the new barn; I then took the barn key from his pants pocket, opened the door and took the body in; I took the closet key from his vest pocket and putting the body in the closet I locked the door and went to the house. I took the pants, vest and shoes from the body before putting it in the closet in, order to keep it cool.

Just before the accident, deceased had told me to kill a pig next morning and then haul a log and load of wood, for he was going to Durham tomorrow

to borrow \$150, and if he did not get it he wanted to borrow \$5 of me, and he told me to load up the cotton and after night bring the team to the house. Said he would meet me in Raleigh on Monday. He told me to start at 1 o'clock Monday morning.

After putting the body in the new barn I returned to the bedroom and spent the night in meditation. After I got back from Raleigh on Tuesday night I got the wheelbarrow and took the body to the tobacco barn, dug a grave and placed the body in it, putting the clothes under it. I packed the dirt well to preserve the body, covered the grave with tobacco stalks and went back to the bed room.

I forgot his shoes and when I left the place on Wednesday night, after I had gone half a mile, I went back and got his shoes and hat. I destroyed the hat because I could not carry it. I burned it near a bridge.

I had no talk with Emmet Sears about Horton. Did not say to him that I would have blood or money. I made evasive statements as to Horton's absence to avoid publicity. I went away because I feared that nobody would believe my statement, and that I would be lynched.

His Conviction and Sentence.

He was convicted and was sentenced by Judge Armfield to be hanged March 28. The county commissioners ordered that the execution should be public and near the town.

He Fails to Appeal.

Davis failed to perfect his appeal to the Supreme Court during the term of Superior Court, as required. He adhered to his story that he killed Horton with the bootjack. To settle this matter three physicians examined the body. The wounds of the head were made with a sharp steel instrument, evidently a hatchet.

Some Sympathy Aroused.

While the general opinion was that the prisoner was guilty, yet many prominent citizens, after hearing his evidence, declared that it created such a doubt in their minds that if there had been on the jury they would not have convicted him of murder. He certainly told a wonderful tale, and his manner of telling it was still more wonderful. He sat in the witness chair, facing that vast crowd of people among whom he did not have a single friend, and gave his evidence calmly, distinctly, perfectly self-possessed, without a change of countenance, a tremor of voice, a quiver of the lip or the slightest agitation whatever. Nor could the Solicitor on the cross-examination, which was searching and ingenious, making him vary or contradict his tale in any particular. A petition for a commutation was circulated and was about to be sent to the Governor when the body was disinterred and Davis' story was shown to be false. But there was in store yet another startling revelation.

His Name Not Davis.

Davis had said he was thirty-one years old, and was from Horry county, S. C. On the 13th of March letters were received from that State, which showed that he was not named Davis, but that his true name was William S. Shackelford, and that Marion county, S. C., was his home. It was also found that he was guilty of horrible crimes in South Carolina, and had after taking refuge in swamps there for some time fled to this State, where he assumed the name of Davis.

He Was of Sound Mind.

On the 21st instant Governor Fowle received an application, made by Rev. Mr. Dunlop of Marion, S. C., for a reprieve of Davis, alias Shackelford, on the ground of insanity. The Governor requested Mr. Dunlop to send by telegraph affidavits sustaining this allegation, that they might be considered. He consulted with Dr. E. Burke Haywood, president of the Board of Public Charities, who advised that he send a commission to examine Davis. The commission was composed of Dr. Pearsall, assistant physician of the North Carolina Insane Asylum, Dr. A. B. Budd, of Lockville, and Dr. Chapin, of Chatham county. They invited Davis' attorney to go with them. They saw Davis, or Shackelford, on the 26th and they reported to the Governor that Davis was beyond question sane and that his attorney, who heard the examination, coincided fully in this opinion. The affidavits were received from South Carolina and yesterday morning the Governor called the Council of State. The latter unanimously recommended, after due consideration of the affidavits, that there was no proper ground for any reprieve.

Facts About Shackelford's Family.

William S. Shackelford was born in Marion county, South Carolina, in the year 1858, so that he was 42 years old. He was the only son of Mr. John B. Shackelford, who before the war was a man of wealth and good social position, owning a large number of negroes and a valuable plantation. He now resides near Galivants Ferry, in Horry county, together with his wife and daughter. Being an only son William was much petted and fondly indulged, and at an early age (before he was 21 years old) he married Miss Addie Potter, a most excellent young lady of Marion county. She with six children is still living. After his marriage his father gave him a farm and he started out in life most happily and auspiciously. To show how well connected he is, it may be mentioned that he is closely related to one of the most distinguished judges now living in this State, and their fathers' families were very intimate. His wife states that she had not heard from him since he left South Carolina three years ago, until he wrote her last Sunday a farewell letter.

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\$8.00.

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45c., 55c., and 75c., reduced from 65c., 85c.,

and \$1.00.

12 1/2c., 20c., 30c., and 35c., fancy Satteens at

only 9c., 12c., 19c., and 25c.

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75c., and \$1.00, reduced from \$1.10 and \$1.50.

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